TERIE TRANSLATED.

THE BIOGRAPHY BY M. DE LA ROCHE-

THE LIFE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE. By Max ime de la Rocheterie. Translated from th ime de la Rocheteric. Translated from French by Cora Hamilton Bell. Two volt pp. xxii., 354; xi., 377. Dodd, Mend & Co.

A. FRIEND OF THE QUEEN (Marie Antoinette-Count de Fersen). By Paul Gaulot. Translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. Pp. xii., 371. D. Apple-ton & Co.

"Remember," said Marie Antoinette on one

when a plot to poison her had been discovered, "no one will employ a grain of poison ; against me. The Brinvilliers are not of this age; there is calumny, which is a better weapon for This remark, preserved by Mme. quoted by M. de la Rocheterie, is really the key | adds: Antoinette. Whatever the causes were which led to the destruction of other personages in the era of the Revolution, the death of the Queen was brought about by sheer malice which, taking root in the hearts of those near her, even those who were benefited by her, spread at length to the whole nation. People taken in multitudes are, indeed, always fickle; but just for that reamon it would have been impossible to perpetuate to the purpose of this new biography of Marle son it would have been impossible to perpetuate a hatred without a continuous effort. In order to realize the change which came over France one filled with innumerable details. The daughter of who attended her, and she replied, "They view at least the practical answer, was to send he every one will credit me with the wish I have of pretty rather than beautiful; the oval of her face she gave an hour, then two hours a day to study, was somewhat too long, and her lips, particularly well arched; her arms superb; her hands perfeetly formed; her feet charming; her nose equiline, delicate and pretty. Her hair, of a pale blond color of a peculiar shade, crowned a Empress was not so quickly seen. As Dauphinforehead of marvellous purity. Her eyes, which were blue without being pale, sweet, languishing, sparkled with vivacity and intelli- more anxious about their own affairs than they gence, and lighted up with a bewitching smile." She mingled French grace with Austrian dignity tress. In the search for amusement she went mother, that wonderful woman, Maria Theresa, the anxieties and cares of life. As Queen she who looked after her family as well as after her empire, she owed many of those traits which made her so queenly. The people felt, too, that the dignity and the grace and kindliness were not They attributed even the good deeds of the Dauphin to her, and they did not relinquish this feeling toward her for a long time after her husband came to the throne. For they linew well that Louis XVI was of heavy wit. Unless strongly and persistently influenced

side of evil suspicion, the people must surely have remained in sympathy with a woman whom they loved at the outset, who grew in graciousness and kindliness, if not in beauty, as the years went by. What happened at Chalons on the unhappy return to Paris after the memorable attempt to escape from the Revolutionists might well have happened anywhere in France under fair conditions. There the municipal bodies deemed it their duty to preserve the respect due to royal malesty. the gate of the city the King was received by the municipality and conducted between two lines of National Guards to the Intendant's resi-"This was the same hotel at which the beautiful Dauphiness, then radiant with happiness, had stopped, amid clamorous cheers and popular fetes, when, twenty-one years before, she had come to France to encircle her brow with the royal crown." And, as if to mark with the utmost care the permanence of popular love, came timidly to present flowers to Marie Antoinette and eagerly hastened to serve her. M. de la Rocheterie, in this admirable translation of his work, shows how from the smallest beginning there gradually rose that gigantic hatred hardly less fatal to France than to the hapless Queen. For we must remind ourselves of what has happened since. We must observe that the policy impersonated in Marie Antoinette never would have shown any indulgence toward Prussia. France learned in the middle of the pineteenth century the lesson which Maria Theresa and her daughter would gladly have inculcated at the close of the eighteenth. In a chance epithet uttered by a bitter and disappointed woman the germ is to be found of a national humiliation.

One of the mistakes of Marie Antoinette's youth at the Court of France was an excessive intimacy with the daughters of Louis XV. Her mother, the Empress, often warned her upon this point. While acknowledging diplomatically the admirable traits of these princesses, she pointed out that the narrow lives which they led had prevented them from having any public influence. They were unpopular, and could never be otherwise. But Marie Antoinette felt a trouble which her mother could not appreciate at its worst. She was necessarily thrown much into the society of the princesses. The etiquette of the Court of Louis XV required it. But just as Maria Theresa foresaw, the influence of these elderly, unmarried women was to increase the natural timidity of the young foreigner. The latter was from the outset beloved by the old King. Every meeting with him gave her convincing proof that she had only to be frank in his presence to keep on the best of terms with him. But that was not the notion of the reverence due the King cherished by his daughters. They cultivated in themselves and in their youthful protégée a timidity which became speechless in the King's presence. Tortured himself by a lifeshyness and silence, Louis XV resented this behavior. The estrangement grew to such extent that the Dauphiness began to make requests in writing which she had been used prefer with charming gayety face to face with the King. Naturally, these requests were not granted as readily as others had been. M. Mercy, the Ambassador of Austria, who was sharged to watch over Marie Antoinette, observed the change. The Empress and he again and again pressed upon the young woman with duty toward the King. The result was that there came, by and by, a gradual separation between Marie Antoinette and the princesses. The latter did not welcome this turn of affairs. Their hopes of ruling France through the future Queen were not given up without a struggle, which took the form of endless social intrigue, nor without resentment, which found its worst ke of her piece as the "Austrian." The word spoke of her niece as the followed the young Queen to her grave. It became the expression of insane animosity chersome, the "Austrian" was giving money to her relatives of the Empire. Whatever the misery was which the people suffered, it was sure to be attributed to the "Austrian." On the other hand, by the same process, the Austrian alliance, favored with good reason by French statesmen, was popularly viewed with distrust. It could not be considered permanent when France itself seemed on the verge of upheaval. The indecisive policy of Austria in the time of Marie Antoinette's peril has been blamed, but Tarle Antoinette's peril has been blamed, to the partiality to titll he an admiral with activities to the devil he is going

what was to be expected of statesmanship which had been cultivated under such untoward circumstances?

The Instance just given of Marie Antoinett disposition to correct mistakes of her youth was Illustrated in many ways. She had been from childhood averse to the labor of study. Languages were taught her by an oral method which, while it was efficacious, served rather than otherwise to strengthen her habits of indolence. But Maria Theresa knew her daughter's failings. Endlessly she dwelt upon the necessity of reading. The Queen of France must not be ignorant nor frivolous. Marie Antoinette's conscience smote her. And yet when she considered the empty, yet wearisome and time-absorbing, round of duties which she must perform, she resented her mother's persistence. "I return, then, to your reading," wrote the Empress, "and killing people, and it is by it that I shall be you must charge the abbe to send me every month an account of what you have Apished, Campau, first waiting-women to the Queen, and and of what you intend to begin." The author

This time the lesson was too severe

She was in earnest, but the Empress was not satisfied. In writing to her, doubtless, her nust take in at one view the salient features of daughter took pains, but nevertheless the Emthe vast picture which M. de la Rocheterie has press saw signs of deterioration. "I was greatly humiliated," she wrote, "on seeing something you Maria Theresa came to France loving and be- had written to some ladies pass through several loved. Every step that she took was followed hands; you must practise with the Abbé or with pleasure by a loyal people. "Madame, you with some one else to form a better hand, and to delight every one," was the remark of the ladies | write more evenly." Marie Antoinette's answer, me with too great partiality; my heart is con- mother a journal of her reading to show what tracting debts which it can never repay. I trust she was really accomplishing. "The choice of books was of such a kind as to form her underdoing so." The whole nation looked at her with standing-well-written letters, sermons, historithe eyes of that chronicler who wrote: "The cal treatises and memoirs, sometimes plays, but Dauphiness was very well made and well pro- never novels or other frivolous books, for which pertioned in all her limbs." They saw a "figure she exhibited no curiosity." As she proceeded which was slender and tall, but had at the same in this course she became interested. She found time all the suppleness of the young girl and that it was possible to shorten a frivolous routhe dignity of the woman. Her features, perhaps, tine, which she formerly carried out because were not mathematically regular; they were it was impressed upon her as necessary. First so that in the end the Austrian Ambassado the under one, had the thickness characteristic of wrote: "In this way the days are sufficiently the Austrian lip. But her mouth was small and well filled, and I think that Your Majesty has every reason to be satisfied with her." But there was a matter, that of her amusements as she grew older, in which the influence of the ess and as a young Queen she was surrounded by gay men and women, most of whom were were about the good name of their royal mis and so it was said of her that "she was not far. The passion for gaming was encouraged beautiful, she was better than beautiful" To her by her as the most complete distraction from began to show a love of expenditure which had not characterized her as Dauphiness.

worth 400,000 francs, and it was necessary ask the merchant for a delay of four years i pay the full price. Six months later she bough bracelets at 250,000 livres. "This purchase, said Mercy, "was determined upon because certain persons about the Queen tempted her, and because of her protection granted to certain lewellers." But this time her pursa tain persons about the Queen tempted her, and because of her protection granted to certain jewellers." But this time her purse, already drained by the acquisition of the girandoles, was wholly insufficient. It was necessary to meet the deficit; some jewels were sold; then the Queen, with extreme repugnance, decided to demand 2,000 louis from her husband. The King made some remarks, but gave her the sum. Maria Theresa was less patient; she addressed some lively reproaches to her daughters.

Such were the beginnings of things that rose in the imagination of the people subsequently to vast magnitude. In the end common rumor charged every expenditure the occasion of which was not well known to the Queen. Yet she was averse to great expense. The simple pleasures of Little Trianon were most deligatful to her. These, too, were costly, but they were natural and rational. "The Queen took her role of farmer seriously; she had her cows, Brunette and Blanchette, and milked them herself in porce lain jars. She had a beautiful white goat with horns, and white lambs which had been brought from Freiburg; she had her pigeons and her hens, which she fed; she had her parterres, which she watered." In the dittle fairy realm which she had created, she put off the dignity of a Queen of France and became simply herself. And when children came to her, then Little Trianon became dearer to her than ever. M. de la Rocheterie points out that it was in the painful years during which the coldness of the King threatened to leave her childless that she turned to dissipation:

Finding neither in the life at court, nor, above all, in her private life, the satisfaction which she had dreamed of, she expended upon the friends of her choice the ardent and expansive affection which she missed in her husband, and affection which she missed in her husband, and which she could not spend on the fair heads of children, whom she so dearly loved. Such is the true explanation of the dissipation apparently inexplicable of Marie Antoinette during the first years of her reign, and her enthusiasm for her favorites. If some of this still remained after the birth of her first child, it was because one cannot break in a day the habits and friendships of many years; but in proportion as the wave of maternal love rose in her heart, her wasted hours gave place to serious ones; the preoccupation of the education of her children succeeded to her desire for amusement, and the Queen little by little withdrew from the salons of her friends to remain by the cradle of her children and prepared herself by the joys of maternity for the struggle and the bitterness of her later ordeal.

ment in every respect. At no time in her life upon her. But with such a woman, one whose amusements often turned out to be unworthy of

Due de Lauzun. the rest. It is only recently that the material for understanding the career of Count John Axel Fersen, of Sweden, has been made public. To it M. de la Rocheterie turns for an explanation not only of whatever remained mysterious in the story of the flight of Louis XVI and his Queen from Paris, but for the study of Marie Antoinette's plan of interesting the Powers in the cause of monarchy in France. But Fersen, as the friend of the Queen, is the sole topic of M. Paul Gaulot's entertaining book. To the biographer of the Queen it is a matter of indifference what Count Fersen's feelings may have been since it is certain that the Queen was a loyal wife. But it adds to the romance of the Count's career to imagine, what seems to be true, that he loved the Queen and was willing to risk his life in her service. His acquaintance with her began before she became Queen. She was fond of a little mystery, and as the Parisians easily penetrated her disguise at balls, she could only amuse herself with foreigners. It was thus that | Zeising, pp. 568, large octavo! Then I overset she coquetted innocently and gracefully with Fersen. The acquaintance thus begun ripened into a life-long friendship. Meanwhile the Dau- guage it is, to be sure! with nominatives sending phiness was young, and malicious tongues hinted out as many roots as that witch-grass which is that she was neglected by her husband. The same

his life or hers. The preservation of the throne urged an immediate invitaion of France. Her opposition drew down on her head curses from "Certain emigrants pushed their indecency to the point of rejoicing publicly over her arrest," and they even railed at her as a "Democrat." But destroyed when Gustavus III was assessinated and Leopold, the Emperor, died not without suspicion of poison. Marie Antoinette met the fate she had anticipated, and years afterward Count Fersen himself was beaten to death by a mob in Stockholm.

It will never, in the case of M. de la Rocheterie's book, be a matter of astonishment, as it has been in the case of other famous books, that it was crowned by the French Acad emy. The author has apparently exhausted every source of information respecting the illfeted Queen. He has worked upon his material until every atom of it has been put in its proper place. The result is a piece of historical writing in which every point that is made is proven as if by a mathematical demonstration. In the infameus affair of the diamond neckiace, as in the lighter accusations against Marie Antoinette, every fragment of evidence has been sifted and estimated at its proper value. The book is a vindication of the Queen, in the face of which a renewal of the old accusations would be an insult to human intelligence.

LOWELL'S LETTERS.

PROFESSOR NORTON'S EDITION OF THE POET'S CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL Edited by Charles Ellot Norton Two vols., with portraits. Royal octavo, pp. vili, 48; v. 154 Harper & Brothers.

The keenness of Lowell's intellect and the flame of poetic feeling that played about his thought find fascinating expression in his correspondence. Rare and lovable characteristics go to make up its charm. A conscriptive, yet very catholic and sensitive taste, and an unfailing vein of playful humor, blend in these letters with a quality quite as unusual-that quiet common-sense which is in reality anything but commor. Lowell had distinction, and he had it partly by virtue of his common-sense, by virtue of his serene, wholesome habit of mind. This is only another way of saying that he had the always as lucid as crystal, and so is the poem or essay or letter in which it is expressed. It could never be said of a production of his, however, as he himself said of the weather at Deerfoot Farm, that it was "cold and clear as a critique of Matt Arnold's." He was too warm, too merry, too much of a humorist for that; too whimsical and tricksy, too much of a critical Ariel. It was never possible for Lowell to put any-

thing baidly. He was epigrammatic because he ould not help himself, with a felicity that recalls Chamfort and Rivaroi, but with a sweetness of temper and a freedom from artificiality which give him infinitely greater charm. His compliments are not precisely courtly. They have not the savor of grave formality which we associate with gallantry of that description. They are suffused instead by a sincerity of feeling which affirms that they came from his heart, and they are, too, the most spontaneously uttered compliments in the world. The most trivial incidents he touches with the same charm of speech and the same unforced humor, often eniching his talk with a literary flavor, but never with any loss of his perfect naturalness, for ne one could make a classical allusion with less pedantry than he could. Playfulness of spirit as inherent in Lowell's nature, and it never fies, because, as he was fond of saying now and then, he never outgrew his youth. "Thank God, I am ac young as ever!" is an exclamation occurring in a letter dated a year or so before his death. "There is an exhaustless fund of inexpedience somewhere about me," he goes on, 'a Fortunatus purse that keeps me so." When he spoke of himself he was apt to speak in this strain of gay modesty; but, like all men of gifts, he knew the value of what the fairies had brought to his cradie. In a letter written from Cambridge in his twenty-fourth year he said: I feel more and more assured every day that shall do something that will keep my name (and perhaps my body) alive. My wings were never so light and strong as now. So hurrah for a niche and a laurel! I have set about making myself ambitious. It is the only way to climb well. Men yield more readily to an ambitious man, provided he can bear it out by deeds. Just as much as we claim the world gives us, and posterity has enough to do in nailing the base coin to the counter. But I only mean to use my ambition as a staff to my love of freedom and man. I will have power, and What must strike us then in the character of there's the end of it. I have a right to it, too, Marie Antoinette is her conscious self-improve- and you see I have put the crown on already." He refers jauntily, as we have seen, to his "fund of inexperience." What really emerges conspicuously from these letters is the fact of sense of duty never slept, whose conscience, not his rich experience, whether in his chosen field less than her busy mother, kept her alert to her of labor, in his literary vocation, or in the life social and religious occupations, it is impossible of travel and social intercourse into which he to think of any wrong-doing worse than mere was thrown by his diplomatic appointments, frivolity, the exuberance of youthful spirits. Her As a man of letters he came in living contact worst mistake was that the companions of her with his authors. Sometimes this is revealed in the picture he draws of himself reading old her and finally malicious slanderers like the French metrical romances twelve hours a day. More often is it shown by implication in the at-One of the youths in the group that gathered | mosphere of his letters-letters which exhale not about her proved to be of better moral fibre than the odor of the library, but that of the essence of literature itself. As an observer of life he was bubbling over with sympathy and fun. He had a faculty for giving a fanciful turn even ripe," he says in an invitation to Mr. Howells, "and so tender that he would drop from his tail if lifted by it, like a mature cantaloupe from its stem." It is a whimsical sentence

which Lamb would have enjoyed. In Dresden, Lowell writes pleasantly of meeting "one of those solemn ceremonials, a German bed," under which he was accustomed to "engrave" himself at night and dream that he was awaiting the last trump. The language struck him somewhat as it struck George Ellot, who used to say that the end of a German sentence. like the end of a German comedy, was reached through no fault of the author, but through the intervention of Providence. "I am reading," says Lowell, "for my own amusement (du liebe Gott!) the aesthetische Forschungen von Adolf something aus German into English. . . . Aber poiztausend Donnerwetter! What a lanthe pest of all child-gardens, and sentences in which one sets sail like an admiral with sealed

largely due that the Royal Family so nearly es- | dealings with continental literature; and there is caped its enemies. If the King had allowed him a good deal of truth in the parenthesis in the to accompany the party, he might have carried following extract from a letter written in Maout his plan successfully. But after it failed he drid: "Fancy a shy man, without experience, suddevoted himself to serve the Queen under the denly plumped down among a lot of unter strandirection of his own sovereign, Gustavus III. It gers, unable to speak their language (though was to him that she confided her plan for a knowing more of it than almost any of them)." Congress of the Powers backed by sufficient force | Some of the most amusing episodes mentioned to overawe the opponents of the monarchy in in this correspondence belong to the period of France. But she seems to have ogreed with the the writer's Spanish Embassy. The author of King that this force was not to be used to save the "Biglow Papers" was pretty sure to be entertained by the formidable ceremonies of the was the only thing upon which the hearts of both court and the diplomatic corps, and he utters were set. The Queen, much as she opposed the some merry asides, like this in a letter to Miss Constitution, was still more energetic against the Norton: "There are six special embassies here plan of the emigrants headed by the princes, who with very long tails." His own experience upon arriving in the Spanish capital was anything but reassuring to his scholarly tastes. the self-exiled aristocracy not less' bitter than obliged to go about somewhat in the heat of the those with which the populace assailed her. day house-hunting. We can't go in a cab must have like ordinary mortals, coachman and footman in livery, with their coats folded over the coach-box the hope of an agreement of the Powers was in a cascade of brass buttons. The first day it rather amused me, but yesterday the whole thing revealed itself to me as a tremendous bore -but essential to the situation. Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin! There are moments when I feel that I have sold my soul to the d--l. I am writing post-haste now because this leathern inonveniency will be at the door in half an hour, and I must find work for it or- . . ." in the midst of official duties in the last degree triffing and harassing, Lowell found time for linguistic and literary studies, for conversation with literary celebrities; and a some of his Spanish letters there are allusions to certain editions of Gongora and Cervantes which show that his bibliographical researches were not crowded out by the routine of office. Of these literary fragments there is one, written, as it happens, from London, behe had held a diplomatic appointment, which gives an interesting glimpse of Thack-Thackeray gave us (Story, eray. Cranch-whom I brought over from Paris-and me) a dinner at the Garrick Club. The place is full of pictures of actors and actresses, some of them admirable. The dinner was very funny. Thackeray had ordered it for two, and was afraid that there would not be enough-an apprehension which he expressed very forcibly to the waiter. He said something to Story which lets which did look rather small. 'Eat one of em, Story, said he: 'it will make you feel a little hungry at first, but you will soon get over it.' The benevolent tone he gave to the 'soon' was delightfully comic. After dinner we went to a room over the 'Cyder Cellar' to smoke. Thackeray called for a glass of gin and water, and presently cent for the last raying that he would read us the death of Colonel Newcome. While he was reading, in came a tall man in his shirt-streves, and cried: Well, Thack, I've read your last number. Don't like it. It's a failure. Not so good as the rest."

This was Maurice John O'C maell. Thackeray was not at all disturbed, but sent bim off cava lierly. While reading one of the worst tirades of the 'Campaigner' he interrupted himself to say: That's my she-devil of a mother-in-law, you know, whom I have the good luck to posess still.' I complained of his marrying Clive and Ethel as an artistic blunder. He acknowledged that it was so. But, then, you see, what could a fellow do? So many people wanted 'em married. To be sure, I had to kill off poor little Rosey rather suddenly, but shall not a man do what he will with his own? Besides, we can hope they won't have any chil-

quently, for the flashes of crticism which they ontain. Two illustrations are so fine that to nucte them intact is irresistible. "About Rossetti," he writes to Professor Norton, "I have not yet made up my mind. There is infinite suggestion in his poem, as there is in a cloud whose meaning changes under your eye, and cludes you forever, leaving a feeling that something beautiful has been meant. My notion of a true lyric is that the meaning should float steadfast in the centre of every stanza, while the vapory emotions (protean in form as you will) float up to it and over it, and wreath it with an opal halo which seems their own, but is truly its own work. The shades of emot n over, there fleats the meaning clear and sole and sharp-cut in its

The other specimen to which we refer is from same precision of analysis, accompanied by the same lucidity of language, is brought to bear upon an American author: "Emerson's oration was more disjointed than usual, even with him. to began nowhere and ended everywhere, and yet, as always with that divine man, it left you feeling that something beautiful had passed that way-something more beautiful than anything else, like the rising and setting of stars. Every possible criticism might have been made on it but one-that it was not noble. There was a tone in it that awakened all elevating associations. He boggled, he lost his place, he had to put on his glasses; but it was as if a creature from some fairer world had lost his way in our fogs, and it was our fault, not his. It was chaotic, but it was all such stuff as stars are made of, and you couldn't help feeling that, if you waited awhile all that was nebulous would be whirled into planets, and would assume the mathematical gravity of system. All through it I felt something in me that cried, 'Ha, ha, to the sound of the trumpets."

All through the perusal of Lowell's own letters there is something in the reader that is touched, not as by a trumpet note exactly, but as by a tone awakening "all elevating associations." Of the brilliancies of familiar talk that sparkle on every page, of the episodes of travel and of social life in America and Europe, of the anecdotic and critical treasures with which the columes are crowded, it is impossible to speak at greater length. To make drafts upon this bank is only to leave a balance so large as to invite further and reckless extravagance. No recent publication of an autobiographical nature images forth a more manly and beautiful personality or adorns the figure it presents with so many evidences of refinement, lowalty, wit and high intellectual power.

WHITTIER'S BROTHER.

A FORGOTTEN HEMORIST

The late B. P. Shillaber, when talking many years ago of his "Mrs. Partington" papers and of other humorous writings of New-England, made special mention of the work of "Artemus Ward" ers together in the 'Carpet Bag' venture.' said, alluding to an illustrated comic weekly of Boston, by which he and his coadjutors lost much money in an attempt to float it. "By the way, I had a letter from Artemus, out in Cleveland, not long ago, in which he said, 'Come out here, Shilaber, dress up in the ideal costume of Mrs. Partingthe platform, giving lectures in keeping with your West by storm!' Quite likely I might make a hit but I don't propose to make a mountebank of my-Partington's" face took on a somewhat disgusted

"But, speaking of 'Ethan Spike,' " he continued "he was a genius. Not in the same line as that of his illustrious brother, John G. Whittler, but in his own he was certainly out of the ordinary. He was a genuine humorist, and he rounded a school of comic literature which brought out many imi-

Pickard, the Editor of The Portland Transcond and the biographer of the poet.

Frank Whittier, though inclined to section and taciturnity, had a quiet, quaint humor, which raised a lauch, but left no sting behind. His comic effusions, over the pseudenyme of "Ethan Spike," were chiefly contributed to "The Portlad Transcript," "The Boston Carpet Bag" and "Ine New York Vanity Fair." They all purported to come from "Hornby," a "smart town" in Oxford County, Me. which according to its chronicler, was a down-east wonderland, whose wide-awake denizens were up to the times and ready to settle any great question of the day at "a special town meetin." The first "Ethan Spike" letter was printed in "The Portland Transcript" of January 10, 1816, in which epistle the glories and wonders of the old Pine-Tree State were duly depicted and extolled to a benighted and long-suffering world. This was followed, from time to time, by other "Spike" letters, each taking up some current question of public interest. "Ethan," like his poet to the Missouri Compromise and the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, the oracle of "Hornby" was heard from, in a vein of humorous irony, especially caustic in treating of Mr. Webster, Frank Whittier was in stature tall and straight, like his brother, but more massive. He wore a long beard, and had more the look of a business man and patriarch than of a humorist, He was interesting in his talk and agreeable in manner. An "interviewer" questioning him one day as to his relationship to the poet, asked for an official statement concerning it. questioning him one day as to his rela-to the poet, acked for an official state-

ment concerning it.

"The only relationship existing between John Greenleaf Whittier and myself," said he, selemnly, "is, we each had the same father and the same mother."

LITERARY NOTES.

A short article on military instruction in schools and colleges has been prepared for "The Century" by ex-President Harrison.

Mr. W. E. Norris has written a new novel, which, under the title of "Matthew Austin," will soon be published serially.

"The Ethical Library" is the general title of a new series which will be published simultaneously here and in England. It will discuss from point of view of the student of philosophy queslonging to the theologian. Dr. Bernard Bosinque's "Civilization of Christendom" is to be the first volume of the series. Mr. Leslie Stephen and Profensor Sligwick will also contribute

Mr. George Du Maurier's new novel, "Triby," is to be even more richly illustrated than was his He is making no fewer that Trilby is fifteen drawings for each instalment. name of the heroine. The story opens in an artist's quarters in Paris.

labored Julius H. Ward says in "The Forum." "The Oregon Trail" was dictated to his companion among the savages, and all his other volumes were lictated to a member of his family, who prepared to see his manuscripts he replied, 'I have none,' He could not hear the strain of writing, and it was only with the utmost care and seclusion from exare his own words), having his mind wholly unimpaired, but unable to use it beyond a certain limit,

Mr. Alexandre Dumas says in his preface to the new edition of the "Three Musketeers" that he found his father one evening visibly depressed and "What is the matter?" asked his "I have just killed Porthos," said his father. The remarkable work in electrical investigation

of the young Servica, Nikola Tesla-he has be subject of many lectures and of divers magazin It is now to be summarized in a book "The Electrical Engineer." Under the title of The Inventions, Researches and Writings of Nikola Tesla," the book will describe Mr. Tesla's polyphase current system (which has been adopted for the Niagara Falls transmission), his lighting effects and his new electrical and mechanical oscil-

announced, an edition of which Mr. J. M. Barrie, ing introductory essays for the volumes. Scott in long been a minute student of the Waverley Novels and he has meditated writing on Scott for many

A series of unpublished extracts from some particularly interesting letters of George Ellot will ap- least upon his own black brotherhood. He may be penr in early numbers of the magazine called "Poet-Lore."

A reprint of the first edition of "George Herbert's Illustrations after Albert Durer, Helbein and Marc Antonio.

In Mrs. Annie Besant's just published autobiography there is a striking story of how, after a long period of religious doubt, she took the sacrament for the last time. It was Dean Stanley who administered it to her:

who administered it to her:

My mother had an intense longing to communicate before she filed, but absolutely refused to cosoluties. I took it with her. "If it be necessary to salvation." she persisted doggedly, "I will not take it if darling Annie is to be saut out. I would rather be lost with her than saved without her." I went to a corgyman I knew well, and laid the case before him. As I expected, he refused to atlow me to communicate. I tried a second, with the same result. At last a thought struck me. There was Dean Stanley, my mother's favorite, a man known to be of the broadest school within the Cauch of England; suppose I asked him? I did not know him, and I felt the request would be an impertinence; but there was just the chance that he might consent, and what would I not do to make my darling's deathbed easler."

Accordingly, confiding her plan to no one, she

Accordingly, confiding her plan to no one, she went to the Dennery at Westminster, timidly asked for the Dean, and followed the servant upstairs with a sinking heart.

with a sinking heart.

Very faiteringly—it must have been very clumsly—I preferred my request, stating boldly, with abrupt honesty, that I was not a Christian, that my mother was dying, that she was fretting to take the Sacrament, that she would not take it unless I took it with her, that two dergymen had refused to allow me to take part in the service, that I had come to him in despair, feeling how great was the intrusion, but—she was dying. Risface changed to a great softness. "You were quite right to come to me, he answered in that low, musical voice of his, his keen gaze having aftered into one no less direct, but marvellously gentle." Of course I will go and see your mother; and I have little doubt that, if you will not mind talking over your position with me, we may see our way On the following day Dean Stanley administered

mother's bedside.

"I especially bequeath," says the will of the late Professor Jowett, "the perpetual copyright of my writings to Balliet College. I desire that they may be republished from time to time as may seem expedient, and that the profits, if any, arising from the republication of them shall be invested from time to time, and the income thence accruing oprection of them; secondly, to the making of new translations or elitions of great authors, or in any way assisting or advancing the study of Greek

Mrs. Humphry Ward's book, "David Grieve," has steady sale even now. It is in its fourth edition. About fifty hitherto unpublished episties are to included in Mr. Addis Wright's new edition of Fitzgerald's Letters. There are hints that another volume of his unpublished correspondence may be brought out by-and-by.

Mr. W. Hale White, otherwise "Mark Rutherord," says in his preface to the new edition or "Spinoza's Ethic": "The world is alarmed now at various portents which threaten it. side are dangers more terrible by far than those which impended in 1733. But the germinating spot in all the dangers ahead of us is the divorce of the ellect from its chief use, so that it spends itself on curiosities, trifles, the fine arts, or in science the more tremendous because the religions, which with all their defects did at least teach duty and invested it with divine authority, are effete."
"Mark Rutherford" is about to print a new novel, whose title is "Catherine Furze."

The lady known as "The Duchess" and author of Molly Bawn," has written a new novel, which to to be called "The Red House Mystery."
"The People of the Mist" is the title of Mr. Rider Haggard's new novel.

JOE.

AN ALIEN AT HOME.

In the beautiful mountains of Vermont there lives a little girl named Maud, and she has a perow baby six menths old, who bids fair to as great a local reputation as any one in the town He belongs to the ancient family of Ravens, often mentioned in the Scriptures, and like them he to as black as polished ebony. A stranger's attention is first attracted to this sleek, glossy bird by his flying so low through the streets-just beyond reach

of a man's hand.

He is called Joe, and was probably of an atventurous disposition from the moment he peeped out of the shell, for he was only a fledgling when he fell out of his post, to be picked up and place in another nest, where he is cherished in a way that his brothers and sisters could not even dream of. He was at once admitted to the most intimate relations, tree es the cats and dogs, to come and go, to stay in the house or roam out of doors at pleasure. His wings have never been clipped, and he flies whithersoever he will, often taking long sweeps to the mountains, and be spends hours, maring the shingles apparently, on other people's houses, but like the lark he is true to home, at tenst, and comes back with a cordial "Hellot" He has a remarkable command of language for an infant, and a keen perception of the relation of things, for he stepped at once into speech and the pathes of human life. The very first words he ever uttered were "O, dear, dear," just what Maud was saying to her mother at the moment, and now when things go wrong with Joe he bewails them in the same way. His voice is rather thick and guttural, comething like a sulky parrot's, but his utterance is entirely distinct. His tongue has never been cut and a certain tender heart refuses to entertain the possibility of it. He is very domestic in his taxtes, and compan-

tonable with other pets in and around the house, The only exception is a neighboring tan terrier Gyp, who began their acquaintance by barking offensively. In this matter Joe manifests the a grudge, for he refuses to extend the claw of fellowship to Gyp. On the contrary, he has devised ways and means of rendering himself so obnoxfighting frim, he now prefers to hold his peace, and, unlike the Samaritan, pass by on the other side. That it is not a race prejudice on Joe's part, but merely for Marmaduke, a mastiff with whom he has great frolies. Joe shows in everything a broad, cosmo-politan spirit, and gives to his human friends the sees the Romans walk, he too, forsooth, will keep to the ground in so far as a winged creature may So he waddles swiftly about with a sort of limping gait, evidently holding himself to be every inch

He will prance up to Marmaduke with a menace cepted, and the chase begins. long as sofety allows, then he flies up and, seizing his opportunity, alights on the dog's back. Sometimes he is shaken off, and recovers himself with Arip on the big shoulders that Marmaduke is com-polled to bear his burden of Black Care through many a bound and gyration. The other day Joe carried a piece of meat to a pile of small stones about four feet high and pushed it into a crevice to hide it. Marmaduke, it seems, was watching the ding from afar; he waited until the deposit was duly made, and then suddenly pounced upon the scens of action. Jos, taken unawares, was put to flight, only to return with scoldings and sharp ruspend the friendly hostilities for a brief sp They contended through several rounds for Joe resorted to strategy. Lighting on the top of the plie he seized such stones, one after another, as he could grasp with his bill and, flying high, he let them drop with such sure aim on poor Marmaduke that he soon succumbed to the aerial method. He

soldier, admitting that all is fair in love and war.
With the poultry on the place Joe is on the best of terms, strutting about among them as if to that manner born. They play with him as long as he likes, but it is always he who takes the initiative and is the aggressor. A favorite trick of his is to catch a hen by the tall and be dragged around after her in her efforts to escape from her misblevous playmate. When his hold loosens he rolls over on the grass and chuckles loudly, with every appearance of being very much amused.

He is fond of the little kitten, and they go through with all sorts of drolleries. There is also a fullgrown kitten in the village that is a great erony of of many sham battles, have secretly an exunderstanding. Joe's fealty to the friends of his adoption is so strong that he does not depend in the civil when he meets them on the wing, but beyond that he pays no attention to them.

He undoubtedly makes a distinction between the them, nor talks to them, but now and then he ects one as being worthy of a guard of honorconsisting of himself-and he can produce such an consisting of filmself, and the call plants of filmpression when he "flocks by himself," as Lord Dundreary would say, advancing, retreating, circling and counter-circling, that a favored stranger who walks abroad personally conducted by Joe, is quite in the position of the Infanta of New-York last spring under the esport of Troop A. And since how interesting it would be to ascertain what any the mortal charms that appeal to a crow's admira-

the mortal charms that appeal to a crow's admiration and respect.

Like all his species Joe has a covetous eye. If he can only be made to understand that in human society, which he enjoys so much, it is not considered nice to steal, he will surely try to overcome his desire for such things as gold pens, belt buckles, thimbles and scissors, no matter how tempting the array offered at an open window. A step in the right direction may be the ceremony before his bath. Every moraing he renders tribute to his mistress of whatever gifts he may have received the day before in the way of pennies and the like, and also any ill-gotten gains. These he brings with many "a flirt and flutter," and drops into the water of the bath. This is the orderl of renunciation. After they have been examined and taken out of the water they no longer belong to him, and with a light heart he makes ablutions worthy of the purification of a Hindoo. Maud's mother has told him a great many times that he must not touch the clothes pins. One day he flew on to the top of a door calling. See there! See there! Turning around she saw him balancing himself with extended wings, and holding out toward her one claw with a clothes pin in it. The instant she looked up he began to laugh boisterously.

He likes to be in the steam and stress of washing day, and is quite willing to lend a hand—or the equivalent. If the housewife's back is turned on the intended work any small article he can manage, and trailing the dripping thing to another tub, he becomes seriously intent upon the process of rinsing, holding it fast in his bill and dapping it in and out of the clear water. When the clothes are hung out of the clear water. When the clothes are hung out of the clear water. When the clothes are hung out of the clear water. When the clothes are hung out on the line to dry, it is his delight, particularly in a high wird, to seize a loose end and swing upon it any length of time.

As to his diet, Joe is omniferous, and with him "scool dispestion waits on appetite"—